

THE SALVATION ARMY

GO ROUND THE WORLD
IN SEVENTEEN DAYS
THE ARMY'S GRAND RULE
REGISTERED JUNE 1885

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY CANADA

VOL. III. No. 110

TORONTO, CANADA DEC. 4TH, 1885.

PRICE 5 CENTS

CANADIAN

LEADERS.

NO. I.

CAPT. ADA HIND.

THIS true there are crosses all along the Christian's pathway to carry. I felt it quite a heavy one to pick up when Commissioner said "Let's have your life for the Way, Capt." but trusting and praying that God's dealings with myself may prove a blessing to someone else, I send an outline.

Away across the blue Atlantic, in a small town called Spilby, in Lincolnshire, was I born. It was there also short time afterwards that my precious mother died, but "being dead she yet speaketh," and has left behind the fragrance of a "life hid with Christ in God." Not much wonder with such a mother and Christian surroundings that early I had a desire to love Jesus, and to be good. How I used to cry and pray for God to forgive my sins, and make me His child. Well I can remember once when about ten years of age, on looking through some papers and letters, I came across a small scrap of paper written by mother, evidently just before she went to heaven, in a weak sorrowing hand, "Mother's last prayer is that her child may love Jesus early, and ever live to His glory." Never shall I forget the agony of my mind as I thought of being so wicked and different from what she would have me be. That prayer haunted me continually, and in after years, when through the inconsistency of professors of religion I was tempted to look upon religion as a sham, and evil thoughts entered my head, that prayer would rise up before me. Glory to God, it is now answered; my whole desire is to do His will. The next few years of my life were spent in Bourne, going to school, etc. I got into many school scrapes, but generally managed to come out right-side-up. Our next home was in Leicester, where God's Spirit came to abide and build of me in some wonderfully true way in a P.M. Church. I went forward, and if over a poor soul was in earnest, I was. But somehow the light did not come. I remember while kneeling at the altar they asked me if I believed His blood could make the vilest clean, and that His blood availed for me. Yes, I certainly believed that, had done all my life, but knowledge did not bring peace to my soul. I expected a wonderful change to take place, and when it did not I gradually gave up in despair, and from that time, and more especially after we came to Canada, some seven years ago, I went further and further away from God.

Oh, how heart-sick I was at times, such a hanging care for something better, higher, and nobler would come in my soul, until I felt dead itself would be a release. Oh, I thought if I

had only died when so near it through falling in some water when about three years old, or when that fever had hold of me, what lots of misery I might have escaped. Bless the Lord, I'm right down glad now that I did not die then. Four years ago I made up my mind if the world could bring happiness I would go in for it, in every shape and way. Hallelujah. God stopped me. "Say, Miss Hind," said a young friend one day, "you had better go and see the Salvation Army people, they're holding meetings every night in Anne St. Hall, and such a crazy lot I never saw; why, the women about Anne and Hallelujah, and set terribly for religious people." This was the first I heard of the S. A., and of course it was a proper place to go, I must hear them, and see them, and I did. Thank God, the Captain and I did. He came out, and spoke to me as

minister was delivering eloquent sermons my mind was at the barracks wondering how many souls were getting converted, and then the highway of Holiness was presented, and there came a longing for purity of heart, for freedom from the pride that dwelt there. I became miserable, until one day I said I ever forgot it, all was laid on the altar, the sacrifice was accepted, the Blood cleansed from all unrighteousness; His glory filled my soul. Talk about walking on eggs without breaking them, I felt surely I could, so light, so free, so happy. Bless the Lord forever! I enlisted as a soldier, and then the call to the battle field came. Three years this month have rolled away since I bid good-bye to friends and the comrades in Richmond street Corps, Toronto. Kings-Richmond street Corps, Toronto, and I sat in the cars that November morning, trembling, yet believing God would use even un-

der six weeks of splendid fighting finished my work in the Imperial city. My strength had been failing for some time previously, and the extra taxing of strength broke me down completely, and several months in bed I was my restoration. It needs a lot of grace to be still when so much all around needs doing, but God taught me many unlearn-to-be-forgotten lessons. I learned better how to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep." I must relate an incident before closing, showing the power of prayer. One Sunday night, after a weary day of pain, the officers were at the meeting, when suddenly the glory of God filled and flooded my soul in an unusual manner. Truly life's processes lighted up the room. I felt someone was praying. When the officer's came in, said Captain, "Oh, you should have heard those young soldiers pray for you to-night I did you get blessed?" I then told her, and we rejoiced together. When able to leave the bed, was sent to Big Bay Point, where some precious seasons were spent, and strength came slowly back. October 2nd I returned to take another station, and Lindsay was the place appointed. Four months were passed there. God blessed me much, but the February following found me helpless again, and until last July I was very weak and ill, faint, I fully expected my work was done, and was looking forward with joy and gladness to meet those gone before.

I heard of Divine healing, Jesus' power to heal body as well as soul, and on Friday night, June 11th, 1885, was announced according to command, see James, v. 14. Although no change was to be perceived directly in my body, yet His power so filled my soul that I'm sure he laid His hand on me and I healed me, and made me be every while whole. Truly His glory came dwelling my soul. The following Sunday I went to three meetings, and on Monday ran up stairs for the first time in fifteen months. Glory be to God. Is it any wonder I have Him who first loved me. Bless His holy name.

July 3rd went to hold on at my old station. Found many fighting on who had been converts when we first opened the station. Although not such a large number of souls have been the result of the four months' work there, yet some deep spiritual work God has done, which means an abundant harvest. God bless the Bowmanville Corps and friends.

Bellefleur is my present field of labour, where, with Lieut. Murray and Cadet Breckinridge, I am bound to do my best for the Kingdom of God. So With banner unfurled in the breeze, O ye noblest of all soldiers be!

Till the Crown from His hand we shall see,
And the King in His beauty we'll see.
Ye are till death.
A. H. H.

We noticed the other day that a certain Officer about to leave the Station, very graciously farewells to the public and the press in a daily journal. Things are getting kind of high in certain localities.



CAPTAIN ADA HIND.

allly. I treated the matter in a light way, but went home to think seriously, and from that time was greatly concerned for the Salvation of my soul. A short time after I was at the patient-form seeking God. I found Him, and ever since He has been my refuge. Bless His name! I felt I should join the Army and help to lead others to Jesus. "But you know it is not respectful to belong to such people, and mind, Ada, if you join them, I'll never speak to you again," said a lady to me when talking about the Army; so I went to the church, but it was no use. While the

worthy me for His glory. Three months and a half as Lieutenant under Captain Hughes, God bless her! and then came orders to take charge at Bowmanville, which was to be opened the following Sunday. I had not expected to be made Captain, and it was tough. "Lord, how can I," was the cry of my heart, but the answer came sweetly back, "My grace is sufficient," and truly it was and always has been. Glory to God! Lots of souls were converted, a beautiful barracks opened, and three outposts started; and after twelve months orders came for the opening of Ottawa. Five

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